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Children's Books**



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LITTLE DERWENT'S

BREAKFAST.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY STEWART AND MURRAY,
OLD BAILEY.



THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Well, little Derwent! let us see
How nice a breakfast you have got,
While dear Mamma has made the tea,
Here comes your Bread-and-milk quite hot.

Vide page 9.

LITTLE DERWENT'S

BREAKFAST.

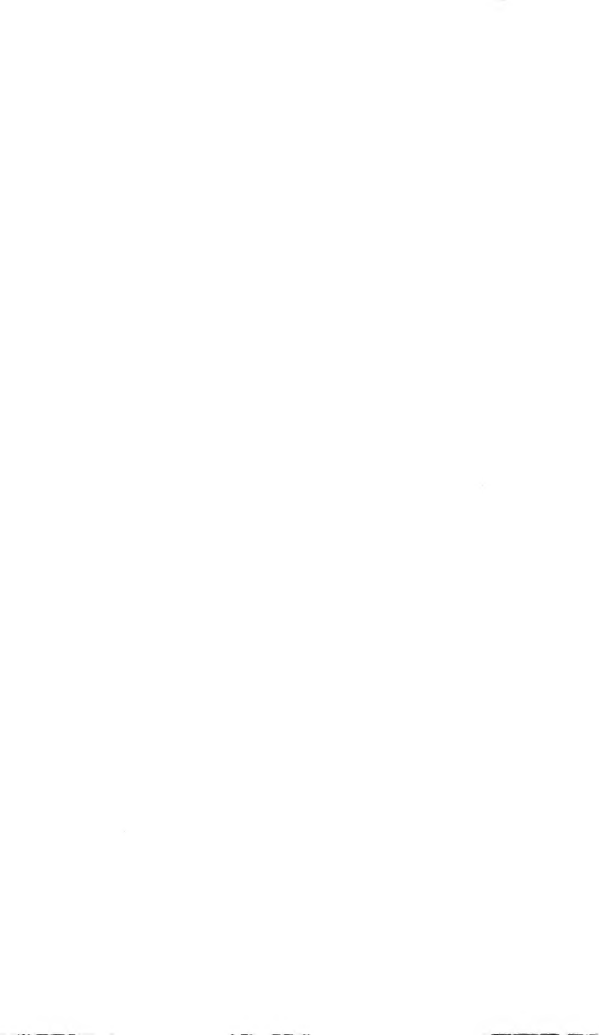
BY A LADY.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

Seek and find
Instruction, with a thankful Mind.
SOUTHEY.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO. 65, CORNHILL.

MDCCCXXXIX.



THE following simple Poems were written for the amusement of a Child of Seven Years Old, whose name appears in the Title Page. He is a Grandson of the late S. T. Coleridge, Esq.



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DEDICATION.

To D. M. C.

My little friend—if you should look
With pleasure on this tiny book,
Then may the simple verse I use,
Serve to instruct, and to amuse.
Perhaps you do not often think,
That what you daily eat and drink
Requires so great a toil and care,
Ere you the wholesome food can share—
How many different hands 'twill take
A single loaf of bread to make!—
That tea and sugar must be sought
In distant lands, whence they are brought :

In short, what time it will employ
Only to feed one little boy !
You'll know this better far, some day,
Than I can teach, in this my lay ;
For though so rightly you may seek
To learn your Latin and your Greek,
You'll find what useful knowledge springs
From asking about *common things*,
And see how badly you would fare
Without God's providential care.
The birds that fly—the fish that swim—
The beasts that roar—are fed by Him.
Yet *they* can only eat and live,
Unconscious who their food may give ;
While *you*, dear boy, can understand
The mercies of His bounteous hand ;
Daily to Him your voice can raise,
In songs of thankfulness and praise.

INTRODUCTORY POEMS.

EARLY RISING.

Up, up with the cock when he cheerily crows,
 When Nature awakes from her night's repose.
 He calls the farmer—"Come guide the plough"—
 He calls the maiden—"Come milk the cow."

Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the lark when he soars on high,
 And carols his morning song to the sky ;
 Follow him forth o'er each balmy field,
 And taste the health-giving air they yield.

Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the bee in "the hour of prime,"
 Who tells little boys how to value their time :
His books are the flowers on which he feeds,
 He sips the honey—but leaves the weeds.

Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the ant, who no minute will lose,
While the sun is shining, her stores to choose.
In youth and summer she labours and strives—
In age and winter how happy she lives.

Up, little Derwent, away, away !

Then up with the birds the bright sun to see,
With the working ant, and the busy bee ;
Leave dull sloth with his drowsy head,
Don't let him come to *your* little bed :
Begin, like the birds, with a song of praise,
Go on, like the insects, in wisdom's ways,
You'll be good, and happy, and merry as they.

Up, up, little Derwent, away, away !

MORNING HYMN.

Lord of life and light !—to Thee
I bow my heart, and bend my knee ;
Thou my life hast safely kept,
Whilst this night I've soundly slept ;
Thou the light again hast given,
With the morning sun, from Heaven.

Keep me, Lord, throughout this day,
In all I think, or do, or say,
Free from harm, and free from sin,
Free from all deceit within,
Pure in heart, and firm in mind,
Truthful, dutiful, and kind.

By Thy care I'm cloth'd and fed,
To Thee by parents dear am led :
Parents ! may I daily prove
Worthy of your anxious love :
Heavenly Father ! unto Thee,
Humbly thankful let me be !



LITTLE DERWENT'S
BREAKFAST.

To dear little Derwent,
With wishes most fervent,
That he may his breakfast enjoy :
This volume comes greeting,
Depending on meeting
A smile from a good little boy.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

PART THE FIRST.

Well, little Derwent !—let us see
 How nice a breakfast you have got,
 While dear Mamma has made the tea,
 Here comes your bread-and-milk quite hot.

But who made this nice loaf of bread ?
 Was it Mamma,—or was it Cook ?
 When you have finished, we will read
 A leaf in Nature's pretty book.

I told you how the cock would crow
 To call the farmer to his field :
 We may go in—and see him sow
 The seeds which such a harvest yield.

The ploughman must at first prepare
 The grassy field, and plough it through ;
 Then the rough *harrow* takes its share,
 To break the clods of earth anew.

The farmer sees it smooth and neat,
The stones and weeds ta'en all away ;
Then drops the little grain of *wheat*,
To lie unseen for many a day.

Yet can *he* make them grow?—Oh no !
'Tis *God* will bless his active toil,
Send Sun and Rain, and Frost and Snow,
To swell the grain—enrich the soil.

Each grain first strikes its root below—
Next shoots above its blade of green ;
Then the bright *Ear* grows up—and lo !
A waving, golden field is seen !

Now many Reapers, with their hooks,
Will cut the *Corn*, and cut their jokes,
And Boys and Girls may leave their books,
To carry sheaves for these blithe folks.

The field will lose its golden store,
But piles of sheaves its riches prove ;
And young and old must come once more,
This treasure safely to remove.

A happy little group are they,
Who mount the empty Harvest Wain !
Or to the Supper find their way,
The Harvest Cakes and Ale to gain !

Sweet Harvest Home ! where all may share ;
For rich and poor these gifts are spread.
The *Corn* is safe—but Derwent, where
Shall we now get the *Loaf of Bread* ?

PART THE SECOND.

Come, take another walk with me,
Into the farmer's barn we'll stray ;
The *threshing* of the corn to see,
And *winnowing* all the chaff away.

He'll sell it to the miller.—Go
And look into that pretty mill ;
Ask him if he will kindly show
How he the sacks with *flour* can fill.

He'll crush the grains of wheat quite fine ;
He'll sift them from their husks quite clean ;
(The *bran* will serve the pigs to dine !)
And then, the *meal* or *flour* is seen.

Here's some to make a nice brown loaf—
Some, white as snow, for tarts and cake ;
You'd never guess, without such proof,
How great a change the mill can make.

The mill-wheel turns by that clear stream,
Where, bright and happy as they look,
The pretty trout-fish little dream,
They'll soon be caught by line and hook.

But where no pleasant streams are found,
Where hill and dale are vainly sought,
The corn in *wind-mills* must be ground,
Like those your friend Don Quixote fought !

Now Mrs. Cook has got the flour,
Derwent knows *how* 'tis made from wheat :
But she must have some *yeast*, before
She makes a loaf for him to eat.

Yeast from the brewer comes—you'll know
When you are older more about it :
At present 'tis enough to show,
The loaf cannot be made without it.

'Twill make the dough as light and soft
As any sponge—when this she sees,
She'll mix it well—and *knead* it oft,
And add some *salt*, our taste to please.

Then in the heated oven placed,
The loaves must bake quite slow and sure,
Till, in their rich brown crusts encased,
Our hungry eyes they may allure.

Eat, and be thankful!—bear in mind,
That *waste to want* has ever led ;
And mark the labours here combined
To make a single loaf of Bread !

TO DERWENT MOULTRIE COLERIDGE.

DERWENT, they say that you and I
 Our fortune through the world should try,
 And wiser heads than mine declare
 That we shall find a welcome there ;
 That other children will be glad
 To hear what breakfast you have had.
 Yet they should know—our meal was laid
 In such a social, quiet shade,
 We little thought, in such broad day,
 To give a public Dejeuné !
 Nor *can* we give so sweet a zest
 As our own breakfast has possessed
 To *me*—because it whiled away
 The hours when I in suffering lay ;
 While *you* could relish with delight
 Each little tale I might indite.
 Still, we are ready to impart
 Such as we have, with willing heart.
 Derwent, I've nothing more to tell—
 Here is our book—and—speed it well !

Dec. 6th, 1838.

SUMMARY.

There's

Ploughing—harrowing—drilling—sowing—
 Weeding—watching while 'tis growing—
 Reaping—binding—carrying—stowing—
 In the farmer's barn safe going—
 Then huzza ! for harvest home !

There's

Threshing—winnowing—to market taking—
 Grinding—sifting—mixing—making—
 In the oven nicely baking—
 Ready, when your fast you're breaking—
 Eat it then—and all is done !

All except that grateful pleasure,
 E'en the youngest heart may treasure,
 In days of labour or of leisure;
 Seeing in what bounteous measure
 God for all our wants provides !

MILK.

HARK ! where the merry milk-maid sings,
 “ Come, pretty cow, come here ”—
The pretty cow her treasure brings,
 And cheerfully draws near.

And Derwent may have freshwarm milk,
 To make him fat and strong :
’Tis white as snow, and soft as silk,
 And he may drink it long.

How many uses can be made
 Of milk so pure and sweet !
Within the dairy’s pleasant shade,
 With richest *cream* we meet ;

Which, when the dairy-maid has found,
 She puts it in her churn ;
And while she works it round and round,
 To *butter* it will turn.

That butter which you daily see
Upon the table placed :
Which in such pretty forms may be
By various fancies graced.

We also make from milk and cream
Full many a dainty dish :
Custards and syllabubs will seem
Well suited to your wish.

Yet better far, for little boys,
The puddings it will make
With rice or flour, and eggs so choice,
Which in our ovens bake.

Again, there's *cheese*, which people praise,
And with their dinner eat :
Made in so many different ways,
That some are quite a treat.

But when you eat it—think and feel
How many poor there are,
To whom the worst sort, with their meal,
Would be a dainty fare.

And do not, in a fancied taste,
 Despise the coarser food,
Or in a careless manner waste
 What thousands think so good.

When you are walking in the fields,
 You'll love the gentle cow :
Since to the milk she daily yields,
 Such wholesome food we owe.

THE HONEY-COMB.

WHAT can our little Derwent's eye
 At the other end of the table spy ?
 Or whence does that beauteous fabric come,
 Wonder of wonders !—a *Honey-comb* ?
 We'll learn who form'd this work, before
 We taste the sweets of its golden store.
 In the gayest plot of the garden ground
 The hives of the busy bees are found,
 Where the tiny creatures, on ceaseless wing,
 The honey are always gathering.
 Yet first they build those pretty cells,
 Where each young bee for a season dwells ;
 By “serving bees” awhile they're fed,
 Till they can earn their daily bread.
 (Like infants, cradled for awhile,
 With nurse's care, and mother's smile,
 Till up to boys and men they grow,
 And through the world of toil must go.)
 Mark how, to keep their honied store,
 These countless cells are cover'd o'er :

Each has six little walls around,
With every angle firmly bound ;
“Masons” and “Carpenters” all unite,
“Joiners” and “Plasterers” make them tight ;
Master-architects come to watch
If idle workmen they may catch,
Nor suffer one to form these rooms,
Who on a lazy hour presumes.
Their little *feet*, like your little *hands*,
Must do the work as he commands :
Some bring the wax—so well prepar’d,—
Some raise the walls—quite smooth and hard,
’Till each cell fits in its proper place,
They lose not the tiniest bit of space,
Then at the top cement them o’er,
Without the smallest hole or pore.
These bees have a wise and powerful Queen,
Whose reign of order is plainly seen,
And not Mamma, in her hours of school,
Holds command with a firmer rule.
All arranged with skill and with care,
Neatness and cleanliness every where.
Forth they go at her sovereign will,
Each with his little bag to fill,

For well they know, in their daily round,
Where all the sweetest flowers are found,
Since 'tis not always the gayest we see,
That yield the most to the honey bee ;
And before the evening dews are begun,
The diligent bees their work have done.
Watch them awhile—how they steadily come,
Each with his treasure, cheerily home,
Then finish their task by storing well
The nectar drop in its proper cell.
Now to their tiny beds they creep,
Folding their silken wings to sleep ;
Ready to wake with the early dawn,
Ere the sun has dried the dewy lawn.
In winter, when all the flowers are gone,
No food in the garden to live upon,
The bees may some little portion take,
Of that which in summer days they make.
The *bee-bread*, which you may remark
Within those cells, so thick and dark,
Will serve them now whereon to feed,
Prepared against their hour of need,
Whilst *we* may have the larger store
Of those rich *combs* they've fill'd before.

Woe to the *drone*—who thinks to live,
Winter or summer, in the hive !
Quickly the hue and cry is given,
“ Stop thief ! ”—the culprit must be driven !
And, ere the valued store he steals,
Forth they have dragg’d him, neck and heels ;
And should the Queen command his death,
At once they’ll stop his panting breath.
Sometimes the saucy wasps will try,
Even *their* hunger to supply,
But these, too, soon are driven out,
And sent “ unto the right about.”
For those who dress so smart and fine,
Oft like by others’ toils to dine ;
And flit about, without a thought
At whose expense the meal is bought !
The different habits we may see,
’Twixt idle wasp, and busy bee,
Are much like diff’rent girls and boys :—
Some only care for dress and toys ;
Whilst others diligently look
To mind their work, and learn their book.
We trust that Derwent will delight
To do whate’er he knows is right, ,

And in the summer days of youth,
Will gather knowledge—wisdom—truth,
And fill with honied lore each cell
Within his little mind so well,
That when he shall a man become,
He'll always find a store at home,
And like the bees, may live and thrive,
Within his own well-ordered hive !

WIN AND WISP.

A STORY OF TWO LITTLE BEES.

THERE were two little bees from a busy hive,
Whom I watch'd go out and in :
The name of the one was "*Will o' the Wisp*,"
And the other was "*Work and Win*."

As *Win* and *Wisp* went forth one day,
The honied cups to find,
I saw each take a different way,
Like boys of differing mind.

Wisp was peeping his idle phiz
In all the gaudiest flowers ;
He flutter'd, and buzz'd, and flew around,
Wasting the morning hours :

Whilst *Win* kept on a steady pace,
Humming a cheerful tune,
He sought the woodbine's favor'd place,
And work'd from morn 'till noon.

He watch'd where the sun had drunk the dew,
That he might not clog his wing ;
And well from each nectar-drop he knew
A precious store to bring.

While yet the sun shone bright and gay,
He busily took his fill ;
For those who will not when they may,
Oft may not when they will !

And when he thus came laden home,
To the House of Industry,
The fair Queen smil'd to see him come,
And call'd him her busy bee.

But *Wisp*—the idler—the truant one,
Had loitered away the hours,
Till the rain was come, and the sun was gone,
And clos'd were all the flowers !

With his task undone, and his wings all wet,
At the door of the hive he stood,
But the angry Queen Bee would not let
Such a lazy drone intrude :

For an idle bee, like an idle boy,
 May lead the rest astray ;
And they who their master's praise enjoy,
 Must choose the golden way.

Happily, merrily live the bees,
 Who the choicest honey make,
Happily, merrily live the boys
 Who the greatest pains will take.

EGGS.

OF all the good things on the breakfast-board spread,
 The milk and the butter, the tea and the bread,
 What most little Derwent would like to take up,
 Is a spoonful of egg from his dear papa's cup.

Indeed Mrs. Hen—'tis a very kind thing
 That you every day such a dainty will bring ;
 And if you come forth with a brood of young chicken,
 Then Derwent will save all the crumbs for their
 picking.

Just look at this egg, and examine it well—
 The marble-like walls of its beautiful shell ;
 The soft, silky lining—the ball, like pure gold,
 In this bath clearly floating, within its safe hold.

It pleases the eye—it is excellent food,—
 Boil, fry, or poach it,—'tis equally good ;
 And puddings, and omelets, and custards it makes,
 And other nice things—not forgetting our cakes.

These eggs, which you think such a delicate treat,
Are part of the food we're permitted to eat :
The *hens* do not want what they give us each day,
But *some* birds only eggs for their little ones lay.

So, when in the woods or the hedges you spy
Those neat little nests where so snugly they lie,
Ah ! leave to the birdies their warm little home,
Nor let their blithe song to a note of grief come !

The boy who will rob a poor bird of her young,
Will lose the sweet songs they'd have merrily sung ;
And far more than this—he will cruelly show,
His heart with no tender compassion can glow.

The swallows and martens who build 'neath our roof,
Of their nature confiding thus give us a proof ;
The blackbird and thrush, in our shrubs and our trees
Will hang up their nests, to be rock'd by the breeze.

The sky-larks—though high in the air they ascend,
Still hover in sight their low nests to defend ;
Should any intruder their hiding-place spy,
'Twould spoil their rich tones up aloft in the sky.

But the prettiest nestlet that ever was seen,
Is hid by the *wren*, where the leaves are all green ;
So small and so cunning, you'd take it to be
A bunch of soft moss on the stem of the tree !

We'll leave them in peace with their pretty young
 broods ;
They'll give us their songs in the fields and the woods :
The *magpies* may chatter—the *wood-doves* may coo,
And let them all find they've a lover in you.

Of many more sorts of their nests I might tell,
But this little book I should needlessly swell :
For "Masons," and "Joiners," and "Tailors" you'll find,
Each building a nest of a different kind.

Forget not, that God, the sole giver of good,
Provides them and *us* with our houses and food :
In such merciful providence watching us all,
That, unless He permits—not a sparrow can fall.

TEA.

WHEN Derwent sits at the breakfast board,
 And sees the *tea* from the tea-pot poured,
 I wonder if ever he chanced to think
 What it is his papa and mamma may drink !

He has heard of a country over the seas—
 The land called *China*—its people *Chinese* ;
 A people who deem themselves wondrous wise,
 Whose industry nobody need despise.

(Their ivory carvings, their fans, and their toys,
 Where whimsical fancy their genius employs,—
 Their drawings, their colours, their rare Indian ink,
 Their beautiful tea-cups from which we may drink,

Are brilliant to look at, and pleasant to use ;
 How few would such elegant presents refuse !
 Besides which, of many more things you may read
 Of this land that supplies us with much that we need.)



CHINESE MANDARINS

There grow the shrubs, from whose leaves we may
make

This favorite *tea*, which thousands now take :
Where hundreds of natives, with diligent care,
Protect all the plants, ere these leaves they prepare.

They are planted, and watered, and weeded, and
watched,

And set into rows that are evenly match'd :
The long taper leaves are pick'd off at the time
When experience has shewn they are most in their
prime.

They're laid on tin plates, near the stoves which
supply

The due share of heat, till they're perfectly dry :
Each stem taken out, ere they're roll'd on the hand,
As sellers and buyers full well understand.

There's *Congou*, and *Hyson*, *Bohea*, and *Souchong*,
So nam'd from each province to which they belong,
And those which are priz'd as high-flavoured and best,
Are of younger and earlier leaves than the rest.

When pack'd into chests, by the merchants they're
sought,

And exchang'd for the goods our vessels have brought :
Thus God has design'd, both for one and the other,
That everywhere man should be helping his brother.

And this is the *commerce* of which you will read,
For which we must wish our merchants "good speed,"
Whereby different lands an exchange may fulfil,
And all may be gainers—in peace and good-will.

COFFEE.

Now Derwent, you think, though the tea is so good,
The bread and the milk both such excellent food,
Some little account you would like to be taught,
Of the *coffee* which often at breakfast is brought.

A beautiful sight are those evergreen trees,
Their tall single stems, and their bright glossy leaves,
Their blossoms, which suddenly open—and show
Like the flakes of a fresh-fallen shower of snow.

Then quickly, among the green foliage are seen
The rich crimson berries in clusters between :
When ripen'd, and freed from the husk that is round,
Two grains of the coffee in each will be found.

These berries are carefully gather'd and dried,
And sold to the merchants by whom we're supplied ;
They are roasted and ground, and boiled till quite clear,
Ere the coffee within our cups can appear.

Some drink it quite strong, without sugar or cream,
Which *you* would a very poor beverage deem,
While daintiest people no sweetness will choose
But delicate white sugar-candy to use !

The land where the choicest of coffee is grown,
Is a country for costly productions well known ;
For jewels and spices—fruits richest and best—
And hence they have named it, “Arabia the blest.”

Again, in our West India islands 'tis found
That coffee plantations now richly abound :
But none can with coffee from *Mocha* compare,
Which the Turks with their hookas luxuriously share.

SUGAR.

WE'LL talk of those beautiful islands
 That lie in the great Western Main,
 Their riches—their flat lands, and highlands,
 From whence we such luxuries gain.

There first, as a principal feature,
 Our notice the *Sugar-cane* claims ;
 That useful production of nature
 Which looks like a reed in the plains.

This sugar so sparkling and shining,
 Which here on the table you see,
 Has gone through all sorts of refining,
 Before it can sweeten our tea.

The *Canes* must be watched in all weathers ;
 And surely you never would guess,
 The *soot*—in our chimnies that gathers,—
 Assists these plantations to dress.

The negroes who watch and attend them,
Soon spread it about o'er each field ;
They know 'twill from damage defend them,
Until their full harvest they yield.

And when in due season they cut them,
And carefully bring in each cane,
Then into large boilers they put them,
To get the rich juice they contain.

Next—the sun and the air have the pow'r
To draw out the moisture from thence ;
Could you watch it—you'd see every hour
The crystals of sugar condense.

They put this in casks for our shipping,
In which there are holes at one end,
Through which the molasses comes dripping,
Which seldom to England they send.

The rest, in these barrels sent over,
Is *brown*, as you see in a shop ;
But the purest, our merchants discover,
Will always be found at the top.

With other ingredients they mix it,
In furnaces boil it quite clear ;
In moulds, like a cone, then they fix it,
Where sparkling and white 'twill appear.

'Twill then be quite ready for using—
But if you're a wise little boy,
You will not be frequently choosing
Your palate with sweet things to cloy !

WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

THE islands where sugar-canes flourish,
Those beautiful isles of the West—
Abundance of other plants nourish,
The gayest, and choicest, and best.

There—in full beauty and splendour,
Grow cocoa and tamarind trees ;
The aloe—the palm, light and slender,
That waves in the soft cooling breeze.

There—loveliest flowers are blooming,
While creepers that gracefully twine,
The air with rich odours perfuming,
In colours harmonious combine.

There—insects so brilliantly gleaming,
Fresh hues every moment unfold,
The fire-flies and butterflies seeming
Like emerald, sapphire, and gold.



COCOA-NUT TREES.



There—birds of fair form and bright feather,
Inhabit each deep shaded grove ;
While humming-birds flitting together,
The delicate flower-cups love.

There lie the fair shells of the ocean,
The spiral, the conch, the volute,
Thrown in by the waves' ceaseless motion,
In numbers we cannot compute.

Thence come the turtles in plenty,
Which epicures think such a treat,
And sweetmeats, most luscious and dainty,
Which at our desserts we may eat.

Thence also, those fruits so delicious,
The orange, the shaddock, the lime,
With arrow-root pure and nutritious,
All grow in this tropical clime.

But still—much as all these may charm us,
And make us quite long to be there,
Yet many things also will harm us,
Of which we may not be aware.

For there comes the hurricane sweeping,
The trees and the houses to shake,
Ere—suddenly roused from their sleeping,
The people their dwellings forsake.

The thunder above them is rolling —
The ocean is raging below ;—
The danger past human controlling,
The lightnings so vividly glow.

The hailstones are pattering around them,
Destroying their rich sugar-canes ;
The rain seems as if it would drown them,
In torrents it streams o'er the plains !

There—birds may be richer in colour,
Yet harsh and discordant in voice ;
Whilst ours—whose plumage is duller,
Our hearts with their songs can rejoice.

Though fire-flies there may delight us,
And butterflies spread their bright wing ;
Yet gnats and mosquitoes will bite us,
And serpents will terribly sting.

Then think when these wonders they're telling,
And when you are longing to roam,
There's no place like *England* to dwell in,—
There's nothing like England for *home*.

'Tis right that an Englishman ever
This feeling should well understand,
But if he is just, he will never
Despise any nation or land.

For God to each country has given
Some charm to its native most dear ;
Wherever he's banished or driven
The land of his birth he'll revere.

THE RIVALS ;
OR,
SUGAR AND SALT.

NATURE—who watch'd her works with care,
Heard sounds which made her halt ;
Where rival tongues would fain compare
The claims of sugar and salt.

Sugar averr'd 'twas her part to serve
The highest throughout the land,
Who could no precious fruits preserve
Without her helping hand.

“ For see what pains and care they use
To make me white and fine,
And in what various forms they choose
To see me sparkle and shine !

“ The tasteful things which their tables show,
The fav'rite coffee and tea,
The bridal cake with its cover of snow,
Owe all their sweets to me.

“ How do the children in *me* delight !
From their earliest sugar-plum !
For barley-sugar—for candies white—
For sugar-biscuit they come !”

“ ‘Tis true,” cried Salt ; “ your claims I own,
Yet they’re not so great as mine ;
My influence far more wide is known,
And *I* too—sparkle and shine !

“ People must *think*—when for *you* they wish,
If they can *afford* to buy,
But *I* can season the commonest dish,
As nobody will deny.

The bread and the butter—the meat and the egg,
Their savour to me must owe ;
While to ~~sare~~ their food of *me* they beg,
As bacon and ham can show !

“ *You*, in your growth must be watch’d with care,
In patches of cultur’d ground !
But *I’m* in the depths of the earth—and there,
Quite ready for use am found.

“ Come see me within my native home,
Each cavern and sparkling vault ;
'Tis worth a traveller's while to roam
Through the splendid realms of salt.

“ My crystals shine like diamonds bright,
Where a dazzling whiteness reigns :
Such regions of purity meet your sight,
As no fairy legend feigns.

“ My chief abode is in Hungary laid,
Where my palace of Salzburg shines ;
But in England too I long have staid,
In the famous Nantwich mines.

“ I'm not confined to earth, but reign
Through the ocean's boundless space ;
My crystal form they easily gain
In every clime and place.

“ I'm older than you by many a year,
And the highest virtues claim ;
E'en the robber Arab will curb his spear
If his *bread and salt* you name.”

Here Sugar was ready to make reply,
But Nature told her to cease,
Bade them no longer as rivals vie,
But the general good increase.

She said — whate'er man most required,
Most easily he obtain'd ;
But when he daintier things desired,
By skill they must be gained.

Nature — where'er her realms may lie,
Can only work HIS will,
At whose command earth, sea, and sky,
Their parts appointed fill.

He called them forth at His decree,
And gave to man his food ;
Creation — he at a glance could see,
And pronounc'd it "*very good*."

Then learn to use with thankful heart,
Each gift your God bestows ;
To others' wants, with joy impart
What from His bounty flows.

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

TAKE your meals, my little man,
Always like a gentleman ;
Wash your face and hands with care,
Change your shoes, and brush your hair ;
Then so fresh, and clean and neat,
Come and take your proper seat :
Do not loiter, and be late,
Making other people wait :
Do not rudely point or touch :
Do not eat and drink too much :
Finish what you have, before
You ever ask, or send for more :
Never crumble or destroy
Food that others might enjoy ;
They who idly *crumbs* will waste
Often want a loaf to taste !
Never spill your milk or tea,
Never rude or noisy be ;
Never choose the daintiest food,
Be content with what is good :
Seek in all things that you can
To be a little gentleman !

AFTER BREAKFAST.

HERE our morning meal we end —
 What does Derwent next intend ?
 Good and pleasant works are done,
 When the day is well begun :
 Morning hours are precious things,
 Whence our richest knowledge springs ;
 Waste them not — you cannot borrow
 Time to-day, and pay to-morrow ;
 Wasted time is lost for ever —
 Worse than lost — it profits never !
 Yet, I hope, my rhyming muse
 May not teach you time to lose ;
 If we should a moment pause,
 Having sought to learn the cause,
 How this breakfast has been able
 To be placed upon our table !
 How ev'n to get a piece of bread,
 Needs busy hands and thoughtful head ;
 And if we'd have the butter too,
 The dairy-maid her part must do ;

What skill and industry combine,
Ere *you* can breakfast, sup, or dine !
Full soon you will yourself discern,
The further you may read and learn,—
How many things, *now* common grown,
Weré to our ancestors unknown.
They never sipped the fragrant tea,
They never crossed the boundless sea,
Which now our merchant ships explore,
Dainties to seek on every shore.
Whate'er with little skill or toil
Could be supplied upon the soil,
Sufficed their simple wants—until
Commerce began our sails to fill :
Then novelties o'erspread the land,
Ideas soon began t' expand,
And Fashion waved her magic wand !
Then taste and elegance arose,
They ate new food, and wore new clothes,
Found out coffee, tea, and spices,
Sugar, fruits, and much that nice is !
Still—I have never heard or read
That any thing but milk and bread

Has yet been found for children's food,
So pure, so wholesome, and so good :
And as I had begun my story
Supposing bread-and-milk before ye,
So — now your breakfast has been ended,
My stories also are expended.

Up then, dear boy, away, away !
Away to school, and then to play !
We do not wish so dull a boy,
Who cannot well his play enjoy,
But *earn* it first in learning's hours,
With all your mind's *attentive* powers.
Then may the joyous shout resound
Of happy childhood's voice around ;
The merry eye—the laughing glee,
That speak the heart's simplicity ;
The honest beaming face of truth,
That surest panoply of youth,
By which, in all you do or say,
Whether at school, or book, or play,
A seven-fold shield you will secure,
Which every trial can endure.

FAREWELL.

DERWENT!—my task is ended now,
A pleasant task to me,
If I have made you better know
The things you daily see,—
If I can lead your early mind
Still farther to desire,
The knowledge you are sure to find,
The more you may enquire.

Your task, dear boy, is now begun,
And wisely may you seek,
Till learning's height is fairly won,
In spirit strong—yet meek :
And since you bear the honoured name
Of one whose mind could reach
The highest pinnacle of fame,
Yet lowly virtues teach ;

Be it your aim to keep in view,
What most that grandsire loved,
No thought to think—no deed to do—
He would have disapproved.
His *name* must never make you vain,
But lead you on to tread
The path he prayed for you to gain,
With blessings on your head !

He would have taught you to obey
Your parents here below,
And with their aid, most humbly pray,
God would his grace bestow.
And think—though by the world allowed
A mighty sage to be,
Before the cross of Christ he bowed,
In deep humility !

OCCASIONAL POEMS

TO

D. M. C.

To D. M. C.

WITH A BIBLE, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

DEAR Derwent, when you first were taught,
Your little books to read and learn,
This book I promised—when I thought
You could its real worth discern.

And you are seven years old to-day!—
While thus my promise I redeem,
Fondly and humbly do I pray,
You may its treasures so esteem,

That day by day, and year by year,
Its value you may truly prove ;
May learn therein all sin to fear,
And every christian grace to love.

And though your riper years alone,
Can all its boundless treasures know,
Yet e'en to childhood's age is shewn,
God does on them His grace bestow.

How Moses in his bulrush ark,
Was wafted to a place of rest;
For God, who watch'd that fragile bark,
His tender mother's efforts blest.

He grew in learning and in skill,
Yet never turn'd aside from God :
But meekly did His holy will,
And in the path of duty trod :

How Samuel, by his mother led,
To offer up his daily prayer,
Was taught, upon his little bed,
That he was God's peculiar care :

How David, when a stripling boy,
Attending on his father's sheep,
The mighty giant could destroy,
And Judah's land in safety keep :

Because he trusted in the Lord,
And in His strength alone was strong,
And loved to praise His sacred word,
In psalms, and hymns, and holy song.

But dearest unto childhood's ear,
And meant to soften childhood's heart,
Is all they read of JESUS here
Fulfilling meekly childhood's part.

Who, subject to his parents' will,
Was gentle, dutiful, and mild,
Who is the surest pattern still
For every good and humble child ;

Who, being through his youth still true,
As first in childhood he begun,
"In wisdom as in stature grew"
In favour both with God and man.

Who, having known e'en childhood's cares,
Now watches them in tender love,
Will gladly listen to their prayers,
And their continual guardian prove.

In His own gracious words He said,
“ Bid little children come to me,”
And He will ever give them aid,
If they but good and true will be.

May He this gift, dear Derwent, bless!—
Teach you your bible so to love,
That when you're tempted to transgress,
Its precepts may your safeguard prove.

TO D. M. C.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

I'VE loved little Derwent through many a year,
Since first a blithe prattler he sat on my knee,
And asked a new tale or a story to hear,
And he was a dear little Derwent to me !

I've loved him when, drest in his cap, and his lance,
And his little red coat,—he a soldier would be,
And as I have watch'd him from childhood advance,
He still was a dear little Derwent to me.

I've loved him, not less—since at Latin and Greek,
A diligent school boy he's aiming to be,
And while for instruction he'll willingly seek,
He ever will be a dear Derwent to me !

Oh, may I but see him repay the fond care,
By parents now lavish'd to guide him aright,
May he merit their love, and respond to their prayer;
Then Derwent will ever his parents delight.

Now onward, dear boy—you've a long hill to mount,
And patience, and temper, and toil there must be,
If on learning and wisdom you fairly would count,
And be—the good Derwent we all hope to see.

'Tis your Birth-day to-day—the swift traveller Time,
Has carried you forward nine summers to see :
This toast we will drink to your boyhood's fair prime,
“A health to dear Derwent, with three times three!”

CAP-A-PIE.

LITTLE Derwent, delighted, the bugles had heard ;
 He saw the troop move at the officer's word,
 And all his young chivalrous feelings were stirr'd,
 He thought what a much better thing it would be,
 Instead of dull lessons from A, B, and C,
 To be a gay soldier—full armed cap-a-pie ;

One day, when his mother was passing just near
 To Mr. Snip's house, a young voice met her ear,
 Which made her say, " What ! can my Derwent be
 here ? "

Yes ! there was her boy—who so happy as he,
 As he answer'd, " They'll make a red jacket for me,
 " And I'll be a soldier—full armed cap-a-pie !

Mr. Snip and his men had good naturedly made
 A bright scarlet jacket, with smart silver braid,
 In which little Derwent was quickly array'd :
 When the Adjutant happen'd his jacket to see,
 He order'd a *lance*, just the size that should be,
 To have the young Lancer full armed cap-a-pie !

His cap was adorn'd with a white waving feather,
His sword was confin'd by his belt of white leather,
And his uniform dress made complete altogether.
When *he* gave the word of command, you might see,
No toy, or no book so attractive could be,
As this pretty play—to be armed cap-a-pie !

Now Derwent is older, and many new plays
Have caught his young fancy, since those early days
When the bugle's full note was the theme of his praise.
Now, through every year he more clearly can see,
By the lessons which *follow* on A, B, and C,
His *mind* will in manhood be armed cap-a-pie.

LITTLE BOW WOW.

“ Who loves a garden ?”—a kind papa said,
“ And who will come there with me now ?”
“ I will,” said Arthur, and “ I will,” said James,
And *I* too, barked little Bow Wow !

Away to the garden they went, all the four,
Papa, his two boys, and Bow Wow,
He talked—and he laughed—and the merry young
dog
Barked loud as his lungs would allow.

He gave them a nice little plot of spare ground,
With new gardening tools, and with seeds,
And left them to dig, and to hoe, and to rake,
And to carry away all the weeds.

So Arthur and James went directly to work,
To dig, and to rake, and to hoe ;
Whilst little Bow Wow look'd wondering on,
And did not well know what to do.

In their gardening basket they put all the weeds,
They raked their beds smoothly and neat,
When little Bow Wow jumped into the midst,
And scattered them all with his feet.

“Oh fie, naughty dog!” exclaimed Arthur and James,
“How can you behave yourself so?
If you spoil all our work, and scatter our weeds,
We surely must call you *De trop*!”*

He thought they were playing, and frolicked about,
As if it were capital fun,
To run o’er the beds, and to toss up the weeds,
And spoil the neat work they had done!

Yet little Bow Wow was a good little dog,
And these boys, too, were kind little boys;
They taught him so well how a dog should behave,
That a rare pleasant life he enjoys.

He basks in the sun, or he lies in the shade,
Whilst the seeds in their garden they sow;
He will carry their basket about in his mouth,
Wherever they tell him to go.

* Alluding to a name given playfully to a new pet dog.

When the peas and the beans, and the salad and cress,
Were all springing out of the ground ;
They went with their wat'ring pots down to the pond,
Where bright water-lilies abound.

They were trying to gather these beautiful flowers,
To place in mamma's pretty glass ;
When Arthur slipped in—and James scream'd aloud,
But no one that way seem'd to pass.

Then little Bow Wow galloped off in a trice,
'Till the house of the gardener he gain'd ;
He whin'd, and he bark'd, and he tugged at his coat,
'Till his object at last he obtain'd.

They ran back together, and found the two boys,
As you'll think, in a terrible plight,
Little Arthur was striving in vain to get out,
And James scarce could help him for fright.

They had just pulled him out, all dripping and wet,
As papa to the party came down,
Little Bow Wow was licking their hands with
delight,
While they all his good services own.

Then into the water he suddenly dashed ;
He pulled with his teeth at the flower,
Then brought out a lily and laid at their feet,
As if to remember that hour !

And what said mamma when the party came home,
Papa—his two boys, and Bow Wow—
When the story was told, —and the lily was shown,
And *where* it was gathered—and *how* !

Why she thankfully kissed her dear boys, and she
begged
They no more such a risk would incur ;
But believe that the flowers, whose seeds they had
sown,
Were always the sweetest to her.

And she patted the head of their little Bow Wow,
As he stood by her, wagging his tail,
She promised that no one would think him “ *De
trop,*”
Whose faithfulness thus could avail.

Now whenever he watches that Arthur and James
For her their best nosegay may cull ;
To the pond little Bow Wow will dash, and from
thence
A bright water-lily will pull.

THE BAYA, OR HINDU SPARROW.

I TOLD you of those little birds,
Who build such different nests,
All ready to receive and lodge
Their pretty little guests ;
Swallow and marten — wren and thrush,
Beneath the roof—or in the bush.

But I can tell a wondrous tale,
About a gentle creature,
A bird, whom I am sure you'll love,
If ever you can meet her.
Yet only within India's bound
The Hindu sparrow can be found.

So docile, and so teachable,
So faithful, and so true,
So ready and so tractable
In all they're told to do ;
Ev'n letters they will safely take,
Nor ever will a blunder make.

Away the winged messenger
Upon its errand flies,
Swiftly to some expecting one
The wished-for news supplies ;
Then nestles in her folded dress,
And waits to have a fond caress.

Or — pretty little tricks it plays,
The clever little bird ! —
The sparkling jewel seizes, when
Its master gives the word.
If down the well he drops a ring,
Swift flies his bird the prize to bring.

But when this faithful bird, at last,
Her own true mate has found,
They hie them to the river's side,
Where cocoa trees abound,
And here, a curious nest they form—
Roomy, and safe, and snug, and warm.

For, not *one* lodging-room alone
Contents this careful pair :
Three chambers may be clearly seen,
Built and divided there,
Securely for her precious eggs
A little nursery she begs.

There, with a mother's patient love,
Does she so fondly brood,
And only to their *parlour* come,
To take her daily food ;
That food her faithful mate provides,
And builds a little porch besides ;

There sings his sweetest tunes, or seeks
Where fire-flies brightly gleam,
Fixing them round his porch, where they
Like brilliant lamps may seem,
Lights that may guide him to his home,
When far away for food he'll roam.

And when the mother bird, ere long,
Her pretty nestlings shews ;
When by their early chirpings, soon
Their wants he duly knows ;
He brings them worms, and flies, and seeds,
Supplying all their daily needs.

Yet danger lurks around this spot,
Where wily snakes entwine
Their coiling forms around the trees,
Poor birds to slyly gain.
But well the cunning sparrow's nest
Is formed for safety and for rest :

He twists a slender cord, yet firm,
From off the spreading tree,
And, o'er the river's bank let down
By this, his house you'll see.
Suspended from the branches' height,
Hundreds such nests will meet our sight.

How knows this pretty bird to shun
A danger ere it come ?
Or how can such a tiny thing
Construct so safe a home ?
Does he not fear, lest every blast
His treasures may o'erwhelm at last ?

He feels them safe—he's taught by One
Whose care his work directs,
Who, man, and bird, and beast, through life,
With guardian care protects.
To bird and beast He *instinct* gives,
But *man* by nobler *reason* lives.

And mark, dear boy, that birds and beasts
Have ever done the same,
Since in the world's creation first
At His command they came :
He gave *them* instinct to supply
Life's daily wants—and then they die.

But *man*, continuing *progress* makes
Through each succeeding age,
From barbarous to polished life,
From savage up to sage :
Improvement was to him assigned,
The powers of a thoughtful mind.

'Tis well, that for his sojourn here
Fresh pleasures he should gain,
While for a higher state he strives
Than birds or beasts attain,
That—for which all his powers were given,
To live for evermore in heaven.

Keep this in mind, dear child, admire
The instinct of the bird,
In *that*—and in *your* reason too
The voice of God is heard.
And with your highest powers fulfil
In all things, His Almighty Will.



THE EAGLET OF BENVENUE.

THE EAGLET OF BENVENUE.*

On the high and tow'ring summit,
Of the mighty Benvenue,
An eagle in her lofty eyrie,
Hid her eaglets from our view.

Beneath the sheltering mountain
In the fair and fertile plain ;
On a lovely autumn noon-day,
Still they reaped the golden grain.

And among those joyous reapers
Was a youthful mother seen,
Her orphan boy was near her laid,
For whom she came to glean.

Fair Margaret at the Manse† had lived
A maiden prized and loved,
Where Donald won her for his bride,
And constant truth had proved.

* A mountain in Scotland.

† The name given in Scotland to the clergyman's house.

He fought in his country's battles,
And died, as brave men die ;
And Margaret for their boy had toil'd,
Placing her trust on high.

* * * * *

A cry from the mountain's summit—
From the plain below, a wail !—
The eagle pounces on her child,
What help can here avail !

Transfix'd in speechless horror,
They watch'd him soar away
To the eaglets in his eyrie,
Bearing his precious prey !

She looked but for one moment,
She staid not there to weep ;
The next they see her speeding,
High up that pathless steep.

The eagle is far above her,
She cannot mark his flight ;
The gazers see him drop her child,
Just at the eyrie's height.

By their shouts again they rouse him,
Higher aloft to soar ;
He wheels away on the mountain's brow,
Hovering o'er and o'er.

Crag after crag she is gaining,
She pauses not for breath ;
Amidst the trees her kirtle gleams,
She speeds for life or death !

See !—she has reached the eyrie ;
What sound has met her ears ?
'Tis a mother's heart sustains her—
Her child's dear voice she hears !

To that fond heart she holds him,—
Unhurt her darling lies ;
“ My Donald, I have saved thee !”—
'Midst thankful tears she cries.

PART THE SECOND.

IN her kirtle's ample foldings,
She holds her rescued one ;
Scarce conscious more of danger,
She turns to bring him down.

On a dizzy height she's standing,
She sees the trackless steep ;
How, with her precious burden,
Can she her footsteps keep ?

While to the plain below her
She looks in mute despair ;
She sees her friends and neighbours,
Upon their knees in prayer.

And *one* she marks among them,
Her pastor and sure guide,
Who—through each scene of trial,
Was at the sufferer's side.

When she felt that he was leading
All hearts to pray for her,
Unto God's all-gracious power
Her child she could refer.

Then, firm in hope, descending,
Each tottering step she took,
Scarce at her treasure daring
To steal a hasty look.

The goat's light foot-marks tracing,
Adown that shelving way,
She stepp'd where human foot ne'er trod
Until that fearful day !

At times, o'erwhelm'd and weary,
Her failing heart would sink,
Till friends below, and God on high,
Forbade to her yet shrink.

Oh cheer thee, cheer thee, Margaret !
Thy toil will soon be past ;
The prayers of many righteous ones
Shall win the goal at last !

Near and more near approaching,
Her trembling steps they aid ;
Till she sees her child in safety
In her pastor's arms is laid.

Unconscious more of sight or sound,
E'en joy's glad shout appals—
“ My Donald, *God* hath saved thee now !”
—In blissful trance she falls !

* * * * *

Young Donald was his mother's stay,
As to manhood's prime he grew ;
But he never lost his early name,
The Eaglet of Benvenue !

TO D. M. C.

WITH A GREEK TESTAMENT, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

DEAR Derwent—if they truly say,
That you are ten years old to-day,
Then you have reached the time
When childhood may with boyhood blend,
And rightly must you strive to spend
Each hour of youthful prime.

While as a child, you still obey
Your loving parents day by day,
Your safest, surest guides ;
Yet you are old enough to know
Your actions from your *thoughts* must flow,
As truth your way decides.

A school-boy now—you onward press
From class to class—in eagerness
Some higher step to gain :
Yet *pause*,—and *think*,—and oft *enquire*,
If *real* knowledge you desire
In manhood to attain.

You've passed from Latin on to Greek,
Ere long its treasures you will seek,
And prize its classic lore :
Your mind will dwell on many a page
Of bard, philosopher, and sage,
An ever-during store.

Then may this little book, dear boy,
Your first and highest thoughts employ :
Small may my gift appear ;
But 'tis the touchstone whence alone
Learning's *true* value can be known,
And your own path made clear.

Be it your safeguard and your guide !

May you in *His* commands abide,

Whose precepts here are given :

So shall the child we've loved—the boy

Whose life we watch with hope and joy,

Be on his way to heaven !

LINES

WRITTEN IN D. M. C.'s INFANCY.

ANGEL of a brighter sphere,
 Watch o'er little Derwent here !
 From your starry realm on high
 Guard him in his infancy !
 Be to him, in childhood's day,
 Guardian, even in his play ;
 Watchful o'er his opening mind,
 Ere deceit an entrance find ;
 Prompt the heaven-directed prayer
 Daily for Almighty care ;
 Lead him, ere the world he meet,
 To kneel before the mercy-seat,
 Strength beyond his own to seek ;
 As his blessed Saviour, meek ;
 Led by *His* supporting aid,
 May he never be dismayed !
 Like a lion bold—when sin
 Strives his youthful heart to win ;
 Else, as gentle lambkin mild
 May'st thou be, thou precious child !

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